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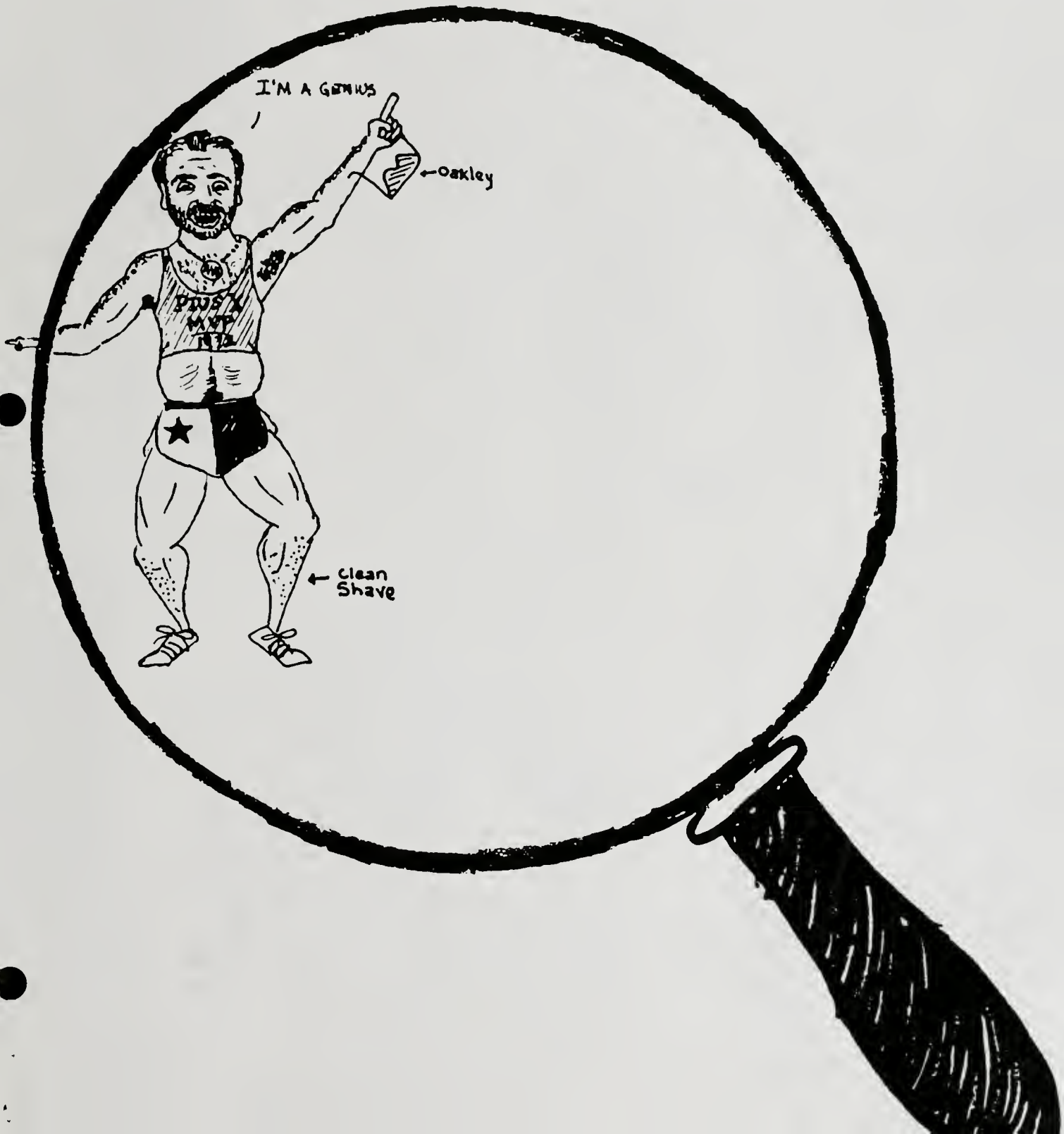

Nexus

Vol. 5 no.6

Statement of Purpose

Nexus, as a school newspaper, serves three main purposes. It is an open outlet for student and staff opinions, ideas, and creativity; it is a medium through which current events relevant to the school may be made known; and finally it is– or should be– a breath of fresh air in the sometimes boring, always hectic school days of every Selwyn boy. Enjoy!

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EDITORIAL

A Speck of Light

The other day I encountered something that one very rarely sees nowadays. Someone who went out of his way to be friendly and helpful to a complete stranger. We were at the driving range out on Nun's Island, and I was practicing my drive off one of the mats. An elderly gentleman took the mat immediately in front of me and began working his way through his shots. Needless to say he was not only better than I am, but an above average shot by any standard. I was hitting erratically, as usual, and had just hit one of those really crazy shots that go straight up and forward just a couple of feet. When I saw it land, I cursed, and was startled to hear a voice advising me on techniques to improve my stroke.

It was the gentleman in front of me. He proceeded to spend the better part of an hour giving me pointers and advice which greatly improved my stroke. His lessons would have gone on longer if I hadn't been forced to leave with the rest of my group. So a stranger gave me a golf lesson. Big deal, right? Well, actually it is. If a simple kindness like that stands out from the norm, then it's a clear indication that in general people are not very friendly. Perhaps it is because the gentleman was eighty years old, and hadn't been brought up with the complete lack of respect and common courtesy prevalent these days, that it seemed only natural to offer his help. But ask yourself, how many of the people you know would even bother to offer to help a complete stranger? This simple lack of common courtesy is just another indication of society's move toward a complete lack of consideration for others.

I could babble about this for pages, but I won't. I realize that most everyone will laugh at this "corny" article, but next time you're given an opportunity to be polite, do it. It could just make someone's day, and it doesn't cost you anything.

Prosanto Chaudhury

ESSAYS

Hey Honey, Do You Take Visa?

It was your average Saturday morning at approximately eleven-thirty. I had just finished watching an anthology of the week's best cartoons, of course, and the ever popular"New Kids On the Block"(peace, non-believer), when I decided it was time to read the sports section of a major English newspaper in Montreal (I'm not mentioning names). After an array of excellent articles, I moved on to the classifieds. I decided to check sub–section 640 where I could find the latest in comic book sales. As I finished my newspaper shopping, sub–section 760 caught the corner of my eye. The heading on this particular section read "Escort Services." Common sense dictates, however, that it should have read "an obvious front for cheap, dirty, bargain basement whores for hire." The huge Worsoffian smile broke upon my face. I decided to pursue the subject: "What a great exposé this would be for NEXUS!", I thought to myself as I rushed to the nearest phone. Finally, investigative reporting at Selwyn House! I chose an advertisement that caught my fancy.

YOU'VE TRIED THE REST.
NOW, TRY THE BEST
PUT US TO THE TEST
YOU WILL FIND NICE LITTLE NEST
IF YOU WANT THE BEST IN THE WEST
CALL US.

Obviously, this poem was not written under the supervision of Dr. Harker, for if it was, the hooker/poet in question would not have A) ended the first line with "now", B) used the "best" twice, C) written that truly profound line, "You will find nice little nest," and D) said that they are currently in the west. The last time I consulted Mr. Nincheri, he said that we are in the east of the country. I'll take his word over hers any day.

Nonetheless, I dialed the accompanying number and was informed that for one–hundred and fifty dollars per hour I could receive "normal and complete service," which consisted of fifteen minutes reserved for dancing, and forty–five minutes for, and I quote, "the other thing." When I inquired as to the cost of the whole night, I was told that eight hundred and fifty dollars would suffice. Reassured that the woman was disease–free, I said that I would call back with further details. I never did. Instead, I hung up the phone and then realized that I still did not have proof. I called back, and in my best Texan voice, this time I announced that I wanted a woman. Again, I was told the price was one–hundred and fifty dollars an hour, and that I would get "normal and complete service." After inquiring further, I was told that that meant "what two people are able to do." Feeling gutsy, I asked rather bluntly if that meant having sex. I soon heard a dial tone.

Furious with the thought of letting a crime go unpunished, I called the manager of the advertising department at the newspaper in question and was told by a flaming barracuda woman (*ed's note: special thanks to Javier Schiffrin for the borrowed term) that there was no proof of any law–breaking, and she therefore is allowed to run such ads. Obviously, she had me beat in the logic department, so I stuck it to her on a moral level. "How could you print this trash when both your conscience and mind know that it is a front for prostitution?" Obviously, she was no Mother Teresa. I was told that that was not for her to decide, and the conversation would end there. The problem obviously lay in the fact that the women were being paid to attend certain events, and any sexual activity was done by the choice of the escort, as an extra.

At an obvious impasse, I came to a solution. Seeing as how prostitution is in our papers, on our streets, and in our homes, and seeing how "hooking" shows no signs of slowing down, the only way to deal with the problem would be to save the tax–payers' money and not deal with it at all. In layman's terms: legalize prostitution. Who knows? Maybe this way, Mulroney would charge G.S.T. Now THAT'S what I call service.

Rob Worsoff

Priorities

"Richer's moving across centre. Roy heads to the bench as Brent Gilchrist, I believe, hops onto the ice. Richer, still with the puck, skates around Bourque and moves into the Boston corner. He looks up at the clock. 10 seconds remaining. He fires a pass across to Courtnall. Courtnall...Courtnall...Courtnall still with the puck. He puts-it-in-front-to-Savard...SCOOOOOOORES. DENIS SAVARD. The Canadiens have tied it up with one second left in regulation time."

I flew off my couch in a fit of joy and happiness and landed in front of the television screen that I had just been gazing at for the last three hours. I got up and wiped the sweat from my forehead. It had been a tough night. Even though I had not moved a single muscle during the entire game, I could feel the intensity of the playoff time seep through my skin and into my bone marrow. I looked at my watch. 10:30 sharp. Not bad, I thought. I still had enough time to do a respectable job on my illustrated poem, Hamlet, paraphrase, chemistry assignment, biology lab report, and French essay. So I made a deal with myself. I would watch two more minutes of hockey, and then I would force myself to do my work. A few seconds later, Don Cherry came on the screen alongside Ron Maclean. "NEELY. Great guy. Toughness. I say he scores the overtime

winner. Folks–shut up Maclean–stay in your seats. This is going to be on amazing overtime." OVERTIME. That word flashed before my eyes for about fifteen minutes. I immediately hopped back onto my couch and lay there in a trance for the next three hours, watching one overtime period after another. Lyle Odelin finally scored in the fifth overtime period but not before my watch indicated a time of two o'clock.

The next morning I felt the effects of my hockey hangover. All of my assignments were uncompleted, and I spent the entire day trying to get extensions. It was torture, but it was not my fault. I had to set *my* priorities straight. We live in a city where hockey takes precedence over everything, including the Gulf War and Quebec sovereignty. Only Montrealers could pack the Forum for a mere practice. Only Montrealers would rather meet Sylvain Lefebvre instead of Kevin Costner. Montrealers are definetly a different brand of people, but we must learn to live with them. Our first task as concerned students is to make the Selwyn House community consistent with the Montreal community. We have been living in a protective shield for long enough. Let's explore the real world for a change. Just like we had a Francofete, we should also have an eliminatoires-fete. This would take up the entire month of April. In Histoire class, instead of talking about the battle between the Indians and the French we would talk about the Battle of Alberta. The World Issues class would subscribe to Hockey Hebdo instead of *Time Magazine*. In Math class we would spend a month trying to calculate the angles at which Brett Hull scored all his 86 goals. Mme. Werbiski would teach us how to imitate French hockey broadcasters, and in English we would all throw pucks at Mr. Willett in an attempt to improve our aim, even though it'd be hard to miss. My friends, an eliminatoires-fete is a solution to all our problems. Never again will we have to watch hockey games with a guilty conscience. If we work together, we can make a difference. Let's make this an educational experience. Let's become Selly rebels. So I leave with these famous words uttered by yours truly: "Don't conform; just reform."

Ansar Hassan

Farms, Not Arms?

At the Grateful Dead concert in Albany during Spring Break, I developed a realization of the comical features of the groupie life–style. Their classification—Dead Heads–immediately creates a dim view of them which is totally unfounded. Their hospitality cannot be compared to any other group of people alive, and their ideals are second-to-none. Their downfall is their longstanding legacy of marijuana.

The description of a typical groupie family is as follows. The man has hair down to his shoulders or dreadlocks that are either inadvertant or very badly done. He wears a tie–dye and a pair of jeans or Guatemalan beach pants that he has slept in every night with a pair of sandals or beaten up suede boots. The wife looks like the typical woman on the homestead with an acid dress down to her ankles and her hair in a bun. Very few of the couples have children, so as a substitute they have an old flea–bitten Labrador. They all live in the well–known Volkswagen van.

How do they make a living? In this regard, they are more sophisticated than they sound. The majority of them import goods from South America and sell them at Dead concerts, while others make their own crafts. The money they make goes to buying Dead tickets, gas, and food. It's a simple life and is seen by most as a cop–out.

The reason for this cop–out is a kind of protest against all that conflicts with their ideals of world peace, equality, nuclear disarmament, and environmentalism. Standards like these are good to have only if you're in a position to help the cause, and marijuana has ruined their image, their effectiveness, and any chance for them to be considered. This braincell genocide that they

inflict upon themselves daily leads them to preach about things that are almost ludicrous. For instance, they talk about stopping slug pesticides because the population of a certain useless strain of slug is dropping. Also, they don't take their own advice when they tell all to keep their environments clean and yet they still leave vast quantities of garbage behind them and pump excessive amounts of carbon monoxide into the atmosphere every time they move from city to city.

It is possible to have high standards and follow through on them, as is seen in the case of the environmental groups such as Greenpeace and Friends of the Earth. The difference is that these organizations make an effort to maintain their good images by opposing drugs, being realistic, and not being hypocritical. By having this flawless image, they are able to greatly influence wordly situations, instead of reducing their protests to repeating silly phrases such as "flower power" or "Make love, not war."

All in all, these groupies lead a life that is useless to society and thoroughly unfulfilling. They realize this and therefore attempt to save face by labelling themselves as environmentalists who are escaping conformity and any burden of responsibility. They cannot, however, be condemned, for they are not a drain on society, nor are they in any way hostile. They are just fun–loving rebels in a world in which none of them want to take part. But the next time you see some long hair in a van with silly sayings like "Farms, not arms" pasted all over the bumpers, take the message with a cellar of salt.

Richard Valdmanis

BECAUSE WHEN I THINK OF GERMANY, I THINK FOOTBALL.

Football fans all around this strange blue planet, and especially North America, rejoice that football will be played almost all year round with the introduction of the World League of American Football. The only time when football will not be on the airways, is between January 23rd, when the climax of the National Football League occurs in the form of the Superbowl, to sometime in March, when the WLAF debuts. That is probably the worst time for football fans because they can only bask in the radiation of the VCR replays of the Superbowl for so long. Sooner or later, they become cranky and start thinking of their bad lives and society. This is what bad governments fear most: for men and women to think clearly.

These sporting activities can be voluntary blinkers that channel one's thoughts to hard hitting plays and pinpoint passes. One can not think of the monstrous inflation rate because one is thinking of the last monstrous sack might be just as well you might say; I don't think so. After January 23rd, the governments of North America would be in the midst of criticism, demonstrations and strikes about the now official recession.

In comes the WLAF, the saviour of national strife. No more is the football fan outside picketing, but he is watching the exploits of the San Antonio Rough Riders headed by their terrific ex-baseball pitcher quarter-back. As the chariot racers of old entertained the Romans of before, the Sicily Gladiators are the bread and circuses of today's generations.

Many political leaders wish the WLAF the best of luck and higher TV ratings than the daily news. Here's to the hope of hockey in August. Now, I have nothing against any sport or any good time, only against people who use these wonderful things to forget the parts of the world that are still terrible and can be changed with a little work.

Ali Dibadj

Rebuttal to Hugh McGuire

This letter is in response to Hugh McGuire's editorial (Nexus 5.5) advocating the legalization of drugs. Mr. McGuire insists that it is not the government's right to prohibit the

use of drugs. He advances three arguments: an economical one, a practical one and a philosophical one. According to McGuire, the government has no right to protect people against themselves. He also states that the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) does not work and cannot work but offers little proof of that assertion. Also according to Mr. McGuire, from 1920-1930 crime had increased drastically because alcohol had been banned and was being sold illegally. In the last paragraph of his article, Hugh McGuire states that we shouldn't keep the ban on drugs since it doesn't work and it forces up the price of drugs creating a lucrative market for criminals.

Now let us examine these arguments in order. Taking the position that the government has no right to protect people from themselves logically requires McGuire to oppose seat belts, home fire alarms and "bumper shining." Indeed, by his individualistic logic, I suppose Mr. McGuire would simply stand by and watch were some misguided person to set himself on fire on Sherbrooke Street. Hugh McGuire's argument fails to come to terms with the fact that the vast majority of crimes involving self-inflicted harm have, as well, a secondary victim. This is particularly true of addiction. Many of the secondary victims are children. Does McGuire also belive that society has no right to protect children? Could he explain to the 375 000 babies born addicted to drugs every year because of their mothers' drug habits, that no protection was offered them because "freedom of choice" was more important than their health and lives (According to Newsweek)? The fact is that every day non-drug users are being robbed and killed in drug-related violence. By outlawing these substances, not only does the government protect the drug-user from himself, but more importantly the non-drug user from the drug user.

In the second argument, it is said that crime had increased with the prohibition of alcohol. The difference between the two situations is that alcohol had long been legal before the ban and there was widely accepted social use. In that case the government was suddenly and without public support criminalizing a legal substance. The present situation is the opposite: we are maintaining a ban on something that has long been illegal. Contrary to McGuire's assertion that the DEA "has no hope of influencing the drug market even marginally", violent crime (70% of which is drug related) has gone down in the past year (ABC News); furthermore, casual drug use has declined sharply. This shows that the DEA and George Bush's efforts to stop drugs are working.

McGuire's third and last argument which is essentially that the law banning drugs has not made drug use disappear totally is logically flawed. In Canada, rape, murder, and theft are outlawed and always have been, but we see such crimes happening every day. The fact that they happen doesn't mean we shouldn't ban them. Would McGuire consider doing away with laws altogether since they do not eliminate the acts they address?

In regard to something as serious as drug use, a phenomena that maims and kills thousands, one must be very careful to examine the issue in the broadest terms. It is often too easy to rationalize such an issue with clichés about personal freedom and the inevitability of self-indulgence. Let's be idealistic for a change and do the right thing because it is "right."

David Williams

CREATIVE WRITING

Nexus The Play II: Dowd's Dream

[Scene: the Red Room. Enter Mr. Dowd dressed in a ceremonial royal blue cloak and a crown; Chaudhury (C); McEntyre (McE);

McGuire (McG); and Mathews (M). They are followed by the Nexus associates. Dowd sits in a chair in the middle of the room and is surrounded by the four editors.]

Dowd: Prosanto, what news do you bring me?
C: My Lord, we have nothing to report. Except that, as usual, Worsoff's article is late and there is much unrest over Dibadj's.
Dowd: Bring forth Worsoff!

[Rob Worsoff is pulled forward by Mathews and McGuire.]

Dowd: Explain yourself!
Worsoff: Now calm down, sir. I have a pretty good explanation... But first, let me tell you a joke. A priest, a naked blond, and Brian Mulroney walk into a bar...
Dowd: Silence! This is not the first time you have been late with an article, and if you do not hand it in, it is incomplete! Worsoff, *Nexus* is a serious arts option, and we do not like your type in our paper.
Worsoff: Sir, have a heart! O.K, listen... A clown, a rabbi, and a Frenchman walk into a police station...

[Dowd turns bright red and jumps up.]

Dowd: Off with his head!

[McGuire and Mathews lead him out while Rob tries desparately to continue his joke.]

Dowd: Bring me Dibadj!

[McEntyre brings forth Dibadj.]

Dowd: Explain yourself!
Dibadj: Sir, there's nothing to explain. If no one likes my articles, that's their problem. As a Nexus associate, I have the right to write whatever...
Dowd: Silence! I am sorry, Ali, but your articles are not worthy to be printed in *Nexus*. They are incoherent, confusing, and poorly written. I have given you plenty of opportunities to prove yourself...
Dibadj: But, sir, just because I use artistic license...
Dowd: Silence! You dare defy me! You dare talk back to me? Off with his head!

[McEntyre drags off Dibadj.]

C: You handled those situations with style and skill, my Lord. I doubt no one could have done it better, Your Excellency.
Dowd: Thank you.

[The lights flicker and fail. There is a cool wind felt by all.]

Dowd: Lights! [Gets up] Give me some light. Away!
C: Lights, lights, lights!

[Tingley rushes over to the wall and switches on the lights. In the center of the room lies Dowd with the spirits of Dave Price and Warren Valdmanis by his sides.]

Dowd: Good Lord! Not you!
Price: Yes, we have returned. You are changing, Geoff Dowd, and *Nexus* is changing with you.
Vald.:YesNexusischangingwithyouthismustnot happen!
Dowd: What do you mean?

[Dowd runs back to his chair in hysteria, Price and Valdmanis floating after him]

Price: You have ruined Nexus by making it an arts option! Next year you will change it back to an extra-curricular activit! And you will be more tolerant of the work submitted!
Vald.:Yesyouarerefusingexcellentarticlesandturningnexusintoaboringrag!Youwillheedourrequestandchangetheerrorsofyourways!Sweartooit!
Price: Swear...Swear...Swear!
Vald.: SwearSwearSwear!

[They vanish. Order is restored.]

Dowd: Prosanto! What should I do?
C: I know not, my Lord.

[Enter McGuire, McEntyre, and Mathews dressed in white togas and carrying swords.]

Dowd: What is this? How dare you approach me wearing such rags?
McG.: O Mustapha...
Dowd: Hence, wilt thou lift up Olympus?
McE.: Great Mustapha...
M: Speak, hands, for me!

[They all stab Dowd viciously. Chaudhury pulls a dagger from his blazer and hacks at Dowd. Dowd falls into his arms.]

Dowd: Et tu, Pro! Then fall, Mustapha!

[Dowd dies. There is darkness. Then light again, revealing the Dowd household. Dowd wakes up with a cold sweat.]

Dowd: Kathy, I just had a horrible dream!
Ms. McKnight: Not now, Geoff. Go feed Rebecca.

[End]

Neil Mathews

STAFF MEMBER OF THE MONTH

Selwyn's Rising Star

Since his hop onto the Phys. Ed. bandwagon in 1985, Alphonse Paoletti, affectionately "Alfie," has proved to the Community that his sojourn at the famous East-End institution of learning, Pius X, was not a wasted experience. It hasn't been an easy road for this budding, young super-star. After winning M.V.P. at the 1973 provincial basketball tournament, there was nothing left for our fiesty hero to conquer but the world. Having graduated from high school, Alfie threw tradition to the wind by abandoning a position in his family's lucrative cement business. Neither did he follow his brother, Tony, networking as an R.C.M.P. officer "on the inside" in Ottawa. Instead, Alfie has bolted to stardom amid the ranks of Selly's finest, and now sometimes even gets mistaken for Cheech or one of the Mario Brothers. Mr. Paoletti shrugs off his apparent new success, claiming the credit is not all his.

"I wouldn't be where I am now had it not been for my close association with Big Johnny," says Alfie modestly, managing (adroitly) to limit his comments to under ten sentences. "Big Johnny," as Alfie reverently calls him, is none other than Johnny Elias, who hit commercial fame on a Tylenol advertisement by convincing television viewers that he had a "splitting headache." "You just gotta admire a guy like that," adds the aspiring gym/science teacher, with a far-away look in his eyes.

Acquaintances aside, the galloping (and eligible) stallion stands very tall above the crowd of today's growing mediocrity. Is it intelligence? Raw talent? Dedication? Confidence?

"It's Soloflex," replies Alfie with a wink. The man Selwyn House now calls its own has had students help install a private gym at his soon-to-be permanent hideaway in Sutton, Que. When reached for his comments, the giddy volunteer workers noted Mr. Paoletti's warm hospitality while remarking his unbelievable grit in facing the job at hand.

Alfie's acclain is not isolated to our "home away from home" (S.H.S. of course). One has only to pop into the chic and luxurious Shad-O Bar after hours to see the "coach" singing timeless favorites from yesterday and today. The Irish folk garb doesn't quite manage to hide Alfie's Italian-flavoured identity as he plays blues guitar for the O'Malley Trio every Wednesday and Friday night at the Old Dublin Pub. No, Alfie, not

even your new beard fooled us as we all watched you glide to an easy victory at this year's Boston Marathon... Those smoothly-shaven legs we've come to know and admire gave you away from the starting gun. Yes, Alfie has made many people happy with those sexy "jambes," notably Victor Kiam, who gets a nice commision on Coach's yearly shipments of Lady Remington Microscreen shavers. "`As close as a blade, or your money back'," says Alfie, stroking his bristles proudly.

So whether it be on the slopes, shooting "threes" on the court, mastering the English language and the malapropism, doing the old "soft-shoe" on thousands of grapes at his family's in-house winery, or pushing the limits of public exposure with his high-riding Triathalon shorts, Alfie defines excellence. And now we can breathe a collective sigh of relief as Alfie finaly gets the recognition he deserves from an appreciative school of admirers. Congratulations, Alf! Alfie Paoletti: working to be the best he can be.

Charles Tingley

HEARD IN THE HALLS

Mr. Dowd to Pro Chaudhury on the Nexus Staff dinner: "This will not include any drinking and getting disgusting."

Mr. Moffat to a passerby rowing coach at the Olympic rowing club as he participates in tuning up the Selwyn shell: "Hello, we're playing with our nuts."

STUDENT COUNCIL

Suggestion Box

Q. Can all the students sit on chairs at assemblies? (The floor is hard, you know).

A. At the present time the school does not have enough chairs for everyone to sit. The setting up and taking down of 550 chairs would have to be assisted by students. However, for long productions students should all be allowed to sit in chairs. Perhaps next year!

Q. When are we going to see more variety at the Tuck Shop?

A. The operation of the Tuck Shop is very time–consuming, particularly when it is stocked with a variety of items. Try speaking to a Grade 11.

Q. Why can't a school such as ours devise an organized way to line up at the Tuck Shop?

A. This is an excellent challenge for Grade 11.

Q. When are we going to get better food? (What ever happened to chili?)

A. Your suggestion about chili will be passed on to Normand.

Q. Why are the toilets so dirty? How come the soap never works?

A. The cleaning staff has been notified of your complaints. Please see Mr. Wearing anytime you notice a problem.

Q. Could we have more ski days?

A. Most people ski on the week–ends and don't see the need to have more during the week.

Q. Is it possible to have free dress once a month?

A. If the free dress has a specific purpose, it certainly is possible.

Q. When is Selwyn House going to have a smoking room? (Why don't we have one now?)

A. Smoking reduces life expectancy.

Q. Shouldn't grades 9 thru 11 be allowed to leave school for lunch?

A. Where could you get better quality for your money than at Selwyn House? Besides, you can't go very far in 40 minutes.

Q. Why can't we chew gum in school?

A. People have a tendency to leave used gum under chairs, tables and on carpets.

Q. Can we have more dances?

A. If the calendar will permit more, why not?

Q. Why don't we go night–skiing?

A. It has been attempted twice, but there hasn't been enough interest to fill one chartered bus.

Q. Why can't we have a drug shop?

A. Students' behavior is extreme enough already!

Ben Wakrat, Mr. Wearing,
and your Student Council

A LETTER

Dear Nexus readers,

This afternoon, during a much needed break from the hectic task of writing up recommendation reports for LASH, I happened to wander away from the Visiting Committee in the Library Seminar room and into a nearby Grade 5 classroom. Some of my colleagues (certainly not Mr. George Booth who had the good fortune to end up there also) might say I exaggerate when I claim that the 10 minutes spent in that room not only gave me an accurate a picture of your school as I needed to complete my job but also was the highlight of my stay at Selwyn House.

Mr. Booth and I were impressed with: the respect shown to us immediately on our entry into the room; the ease with which the boys adapted to a situation which, after all, they had been warned by the Headmaster could happen; the confidence with which they spoke; but, above all, their very mature and clear articulation about what, in fact, we were really doing there.

One boy, in particular, all but overwhelmed us which his insight when he explained that we were actually there doing all the students a favour and he was concerned about how he could reciprocate. At the time, I was certainly impressed but continued with our discussion, knowing full well that we would soon have to get back to work.

And get back we did and the task was completed and I began my brief resting period in Montreal. However, that boy's concern about doing us a favour keeps coming back. So ... I am going to ask for that favour.

Before I do, I would like to thank everyone for making our stay at Selwyn House so rewarding. In particular, I would like to thank a few students, most of whose names I

do not know. You will know who are are and it is important, not that you be named, but that you be thanked.

Thanks: to the Prefect upon whom I began to rely more and more for help and who, after a few days, often seemed to be there when I turned a corner, looking for help; to the boy who helped me find the music room, and, when our paths crossed again, offered to help me find what ever else I needed; to the boy who had the courage to go public with his very sensitively written reflections on a student who was asked to leave the school; to the students whose flair for playing the fool resulted in a portrayal of MACBETH more reminiscent of John Cleese than John Gielgud; to the "Rock Around the Clock" boys; and, last but not least, to the boy in Grade 5 who, I now feed does owe me a favour.

And the favour is this: find some way of thanking some (many? all??) of the people who have made your life at Selwyn a happy and satisfying one. In so many words and certainly in what the Visiting Committee has clearly seen, you have told us that life is good at Selwyn House. So, thank a classmate, a Prefect, a parent, and above all find some way to thank your teachers. They are committed, hard-working and very proud of you. I know it's not hip to do this but there are ways. The best way is simply to say it.

Thank you. Au revoir.

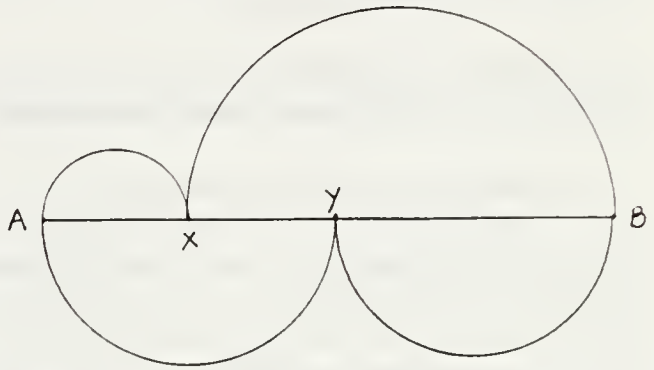
Sincerely,

Mr. Bryan D. Wylie
Vising Committee (LASH)
Head of Senior School
Hillfield-Strathallan College

P.S. Since teachers are notorious for breaking their own rules, I will now name names: thank you, Joe Activist!

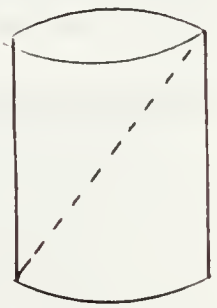
MATH PROBLEMS

1) X,Y, and Z divide AB into four equal lengths. Find the ratio of the distance of AXB to AYB



2) Imagine a belt around the earth exactly one meter above the equator. How much longer would this belt be than the the equator which is approximately 40 000 km in length?

3) A soup can is 12 cm in diameter and 20 cm high. How far does a fly crawl from the bottom left hand side to the top right hand side?



4)How far is it around at the arctic circle, 67 1/2 degrees N latitude? (the circumference of the earth is 40 000 km)

SOLUTIONS ON PAGE 13

SOLUTIONS TO MATH PROBLEMS

1) Let the radii of the circles of diameter AX, XB, AY, and YB be 1,3,2, and 2.

$$\text{AXB} = 1/2 * \pi * 2 + 1/2\,\pi * 6$$
$$= \pi/2\,(2+6)$$
$$\text{AYB} = 1/2\,\pi * 4 + 1/2\pi * 4$$
$$= \pi/2\,(4+4)$$

The ratio is 1:1

2) $C = 2\pi r$

$40\,000 = 2\pi r$

$r = 20\,000/\pi$

$C_{belt} = 2\,\pi$ (radius belt0

$= 2\pi\,(20\,000/\pi + 0.001)$

$= 40\,000 + 0.002\pi$

Belt is 0.002π km longer or 6.28 m longer.

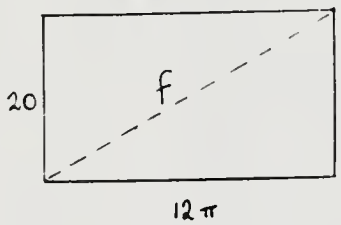
3) "Unroll" the curved side of the can. Then the length of the rectangle is the circumference of the circle.

Let f = distance the fly crawls

$f^2 = 20^2 + (12\pi)^2$

$= 1821$

$= 42.7$ cm



4) $C_{earth} = 2\pi R$

$= 40\,000$

$R = 20\,000/\pi$

$r / R = \cos 67.5$

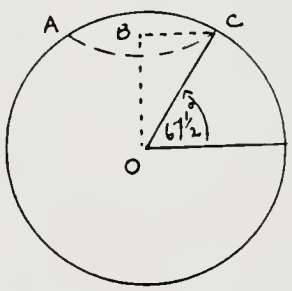
$r = R \cos 67.5°$

$C_{arctic\ circle} = 2\pi r$

$= 2\,\pi\,R \cos 67.5°$

$= 40\,000 \cos 67.5°$

$= 15\,300$ km



GOSPEL

Intimations of Immortality

Wally is 64 years old, has worked on the trains since 1950, was born in Pembroke, Ontario, to a Lutheran family, and--if not for obligatory retirement next year--would be a train engineer until he's 100. We talked of these things and more as I sat with him in the engine of a VIA Rail train, racing west. Cruising.

This fulfillment of boyish ambition happened a couple of weeks ago, courtesy of a friendly conductor (a separate story). At Dorval station, the trainman gave me a cup of coffee to take up front. I wasn't dressed for the greasy climb up the ladder, but didn't care. The cockpit, if that's the term, of the General Electric engine was spacious and clean, with three swivel seats: two for the engineers, and one for officials, friends of the family, etc. The engineer on the right sits at the console, works the throttle, and blows the whistle. The other engineer, I suppose, watches for signs of fatigue or madness.

I pumped Wally and Jacques (the senior man) for train lore and insider knowledge. They enjoyed answering questions about their work, and tolerated my wide-eyed curiosity. (Did you know, for example, that engineers no longer wear those funny hats? That the whistle is activated by a button, not a pullcord?) I didn't pick up railway slang, but did flip through their copy of Canadian rules of the railroad, which include over 500 different signals that engineers must memorize. Like car drivers, they don't have to be perfect, but must score over 80% every two years on a refresher exam (The veterans rarely make a mistake.). Had they ever hit anything? Yes, but they talked to me about only the close calls. I found out later from the conductor that a month earlier Wally had been at the throttle when the engine--travelling at 95, as fast as they are allowed to go--hit a worker who hadn't

paid attention to his foreman. After taking one mile to come to a stop, the crew walked back to find the pieces of bloody bone and flesh, all that was left of the poor fellow. This sort of thing apparently happens frequently, whether the victim is a person, a cow, or a stalled car. I saw the potential for disaster firsthand near Cornwall, where an impatient driver skirted the barrier as we closed on the level crossing at full speed. We missed him by 50 yards, and couldn't have stopped.

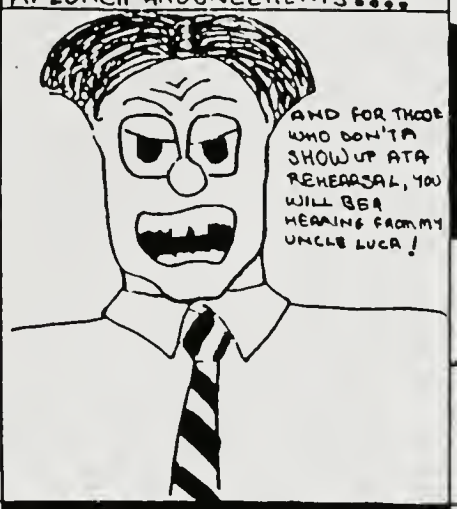
I climbed down at Kingston and resumed my train trip to Toronto in the more conventional manner. My destination was a conference for directors of Canadian independent junior/elementary schools, and this trip primed me in recalling my own childhood longings and visions splendid. In recalling how difficult a teacher's task is in sustaining wonder. In recalling how inevitably educators dredge up shadowy recollections of joy, transfering and packaging them into one-hour workshops. The Toronto conference didn't teach me how to compact the thrill of riding up front into a lesson plan.

Geoffrey Dowd

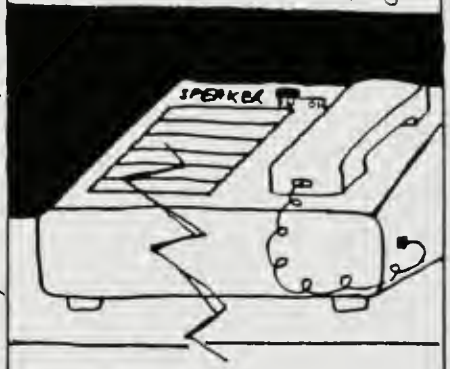
BY DICK "ED."

LUCA IN ARTILLARY and OLD MAGE!?

AT LUNCH ANOUNCEMENTS....



THAT SAME EVENING



LUCA, HE LIVES ONA NUN'S ISLAND.

IN NUN'S ISLAND

SOON THERE WAS ONLY ONE LEFT IN THE CAST, BUT HE WAS SHORT LIVED.

ALL HIS CAST DEAD, THE STAGE MANAGER HAD TO LET HIS AGGRESSION OFF ON SOMEONE...